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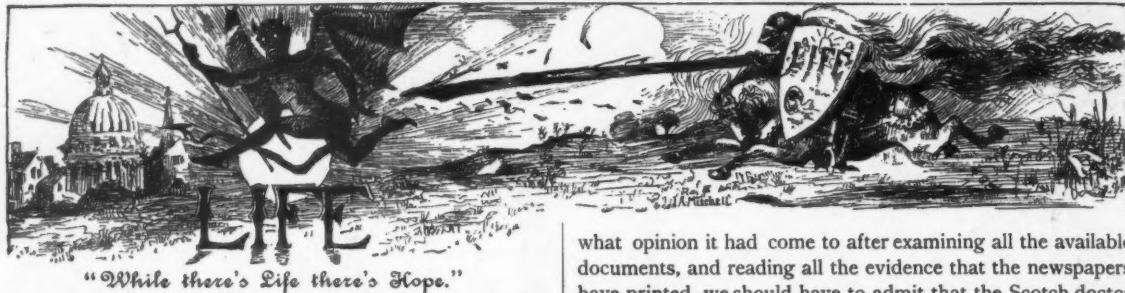
## A LONG HEAD.

*Mrs. Greene:* TIMOTHY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE LETTER THAT WAS LYING ON THE BUREAU?

*Timothy:* I PUT IT INTO THE LETTER-BOX, MA'M.

*Mrs. G.:* OH! PROVOKING! DID N'T YOU SEE THERE WAS NO ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE?

*Timothy:* YES, MA'M; BUT I THOUGHT YER DID N'T WANT NOBODY TO KNOW WHO YOU WAS WRITIN' TO.



VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER 25, 1886. No. 204.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V., VI. and VII. at regular rates.

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**I**N the death of Chester A. Arthur this country mourns not one of its greatest statesmen, but one who in the hour of trial, showed himself worthy of the confidence of his fellow-men; one who was brought into a position of responsibility by circumstances of a most painful nature, and who in an incredibly short space of time developed a strength of character that disappointed his enemies and delighted his friends.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN the infidels had a convention in this town a week or two ago, with help of that rotund sceptic, Colonel Ingersoll, they formulated a list of "demands" for the reform of American society in certain particulars. Among other things that irked them was the Thanksgiving proclamations of the President and the various governors. They demanded that the official recognition of divine omnipotence should cease, and that Thanksgiving shall be abolished. LIFE is glad that the agnostics cannot have their way. Thanksgiving is not much of a day to go to church on, but it has good points, of which the discontinuance of labor, the consumption of victuals and drink, and the foot-ball match between Yale and Princeton are the most conspicuous.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is a good deal to be thankful for this year. Our Mayor-elect is a good man; the Bartholdi statue is up; Lonsdale has gone home, and business has revived. Considering how full the world is of sin and sorrow and suffering, the outlook is pretty cheerful, and the assimilation of turkey and cranberries ought to be a good deal more extensive than it was last year.

One or two circumstances there are, to be sure, which cannot but cast a perceptible shadow over the satisfaction of the Christian world. We are not all upon perfectly good terms with each other. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hawthorne do not speak when they meet; neither do Dr. McCosh and Harvard University.

Over this latter disagreement the Christian world is not a little torn up. It is a painful falling out. If LIFE were asked

what opinion it had come to after examining all the available documents, and reading all the evidence that the newspapers have printed, we should have to admit that the Scotch doctor from New Jersey seems to us to have gone off half-cocked. Next to Dr. McCosh, LIFE respects Jonathan Edwards, and next to Edwards it venerates the amiable and lamented Calvin. If Dr. Holmes had made poetry that was derogatory to either of these worthy gentlemen, we should have resented it. But he didn't. The worst that he said was that Calvin's creed was dry. It is dry. Calvin made it so on purpose. But even this passage, which touches on the aridity of Calvinism, is denied at Andover, not Princeton.

Why Harvard did not scatter some doctorates among the Princeton sages is harder to explain. But such neglect is by no means an insult, and was far from giving Princeton's representative adequate grounds for going without his dinner.

\* \* \*

**O**UR esteemed morning contemporary, the *Star*, sometimes allows its business enterprise to run away with its manners. The interview with Hawthorne, which it published, was unworthy of a paper of the character which the *Star* is ambitious to bear.

\* \* \*

**W**HAT a very smart man is the gentleman who goes by the name of Mark Twain? He has been making a new book, and the other day he contrived to have all the metropolitan journals give him gratuitous notices of great length and of the most advantageous character. Mr. Clemens is a credit to his sex and to his profession. They say it takes a gold mine to make a silver mine pay. Mr. Clemens has demonstrated how a thousand dollars worth of humor manipulated with a thousand dollars worth of business ability, may increase so that it will take six figures to represent its value.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is a rumor that Editor Watterson, of Kentucky, is considering the advisability of transferring his energies and talents to the service of the New York *Herald*. LIFE fears there is nothing in the report. It would be impossible for Watterson to write down to the level of the *Herald*'s editorial page, and impossible, too, we fear, to raise the page up to an intellectual level where he would feel at home.

\* \* \*

**T**HE little daughter of Senator and Mrs. Van Wyck, now three or four years old, has an odd name, Happy New Year Van Wyck. She was born on the first day of the year, and the Senator wished to commemorate the occasion by giving her a name suggestive of it.—*Scranton (Penn.) Truth*.

This is great sport for the Senator, but very poor fun for the child. When a man indulges in practical jokes of this description he should take some one of his own size.

## MISSING HOME COMFORTS.

A GENTLEMAN sat in the reading room of an uptown hotel looking very blue and sad, when a sympathetic fellow guest, by way of opening a conversation, remarked:

"This being away from home, sir; and the family circle, is not altogether pleasant to men of our age."

"No sah," replied the gentleman addressed, "and besides I'm a Chawlst'n man, and I miss my yearthquakes."

M R. WELLER'S advise adapted to novel readers.— Beware of Ouida's.

## EASY TO DIGEST.

TRAMP (*to gentleman in City Hall Park*): Will you kindly allow me to glance at your paper for a moment, sir? I am anxious to see the weather predictions.

GENTLEMAN (*handing him the paper*): Certainly. Are you interested in the weather?

TRAMP: Yes, sir. I live principally on wind, and I want to find out what I'm to have for dinner to-day.

SO far this season only two college students have been killed while playing foot-ball. What's the matter? Is the game losing its interest?



## SCRAPS.

"All events," said a young doctor as he heard of another one of his patients' death: "I can take life easy if I am poor."

\* \* \*

A PHILADELPHIA paper has an article entitled "The Science of Sleep." Philadelphians have got sleep down to a fine point.

\* \* \*

H ENRY IRVING is very anxious to visit dear America once more and grasp the hands of his many old friends, and Bram Stoker, his manager, is looking the ground over to see whether it will pay.

## AT THE MATINEE.

MAIDEN fresh from Vassar was she,  
Both learn-ed and charmingly fair,  
Who, by my side, at the matinée,  
Leaned back in an orchestra chair.

A critical mind she has, thought I,  
As together we watched the play;  
So careful I'll be to catch each word  
She shall at its ending say.

Her views will be wise and just, I said,  
Both the good and the bad she'll see;  
And she'll speak the truth, as lawyers do,  
When not warped by retaining fee.

And so when the curtain downward rolled  
From its nest far up overhead,  
I turned to her with a quest'ning look,  
And these were the words that she said:

"Now, don't you think"—and she smiled as up  
She rose in that orchestra stall,  
"That Pa might buy me a dress like that  
To wear at the Patriarchs' ball?"

C. R. W.

## NOT A FAMILY MAN.

"G IMME a couple o' tickets fer the show," said a coun-

tryman at the box office.

"Yes, sir; fer the family circle?"

"Sh!" warned the countryman, and then he whispered:

"No, not fer the family circle. You see I've only ben married 'bout four hours, Mister. Jest put us in 'mong the young folks."

T HE New York *Sun* calls attention to the fact that it predicted the election of Mr. Taylor of Tennessee. It is a long time since the *Sun* successfully predicted anything, and its pride in this case is pardonable.



## A THANKSGIVING THRILL.

A ROUND the board  
The hungry horde  
Are congregated.  
The festive maid  
With sash and braid  
Is titivated.  
Papa,  
All smiles and smirk, he  
Carves the turkey.  
Mamma,  
In satin gloss,  
Doth pass the sauce,  
And all the child-  
Rens hearts are filled  
With thanks :

The little girls are thankful because they think it good,  
The little boys are happy because of all the food ;  
Mamma's all smiles with thankfulness because her last new bonnet  
Had five more birds of plumage rare a sitting up upon it,  
Than any other hat in church upon that gladsome day.  
The maid is thankful just because her ribbons are so gay,  
And papa's gladdest of the glad in all that gladsome fun,  
Because all appetites are fixed, and the carver's work is done.

\* \* \*

THE only thing the *World's* testimonial to M. Bartholdi lacked to make it complete was a sworn repoussé affidavit that Mr. Pulitzer's circulation is over a quarter of a million.

M. Bartholdi will exhibit the freak at ten centimes a head when he gets back to France.

\* \* \*

A N old darkey on pension business in Washington claims to be the father of 165 children.

He probably wants Congress to make him a state.

\* \* \*

YES, George Henry, the young lion is a welp. Occasionally you meet with a young society lion who is more or less of a puppy, but he is the exception that proves the rule.

\* \* \*

M R. JAY JAY O'DONOHUE, who seems to be more or less smothered by the mantle of the late John Kelly, has been airing his views about Mr. Cleveland's policy.

His general demeanor disproves the statement of one Jim Baker, made famous by Mark Twain, that "a Jay knows when he's an ass as well as anyone else, maybe better."

\* \* \*

I T begins to look as if Liberty would only enlighten the harbor in company with the sun.

This is hard on the *World*.

A N exchange says there is nothing small about the *Columbus Herald*. The election being over, it is frankly taking back its campaign lies.

This is all right; the *Herald* may want to use them again some time.

\* \* \*

A BOSTON woman, by way of experiment, recently tied a pedometer to her chin, and discovered that she talked thirty-three miles between breakfast and lunch.

\* \* \*

A DAM and Eve, according to the *Post*, were born on October 28, 4004 B. C. Ground was broken for the earth in the spring of 4003.

\* \* \*

BUFFALO BILL is to take his wild-west show abroad. The Indians evince much delight at the prospect of getting back to Ireland once more.

\* \* \*

## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE MUSS.

I T is not likely that *Hamlet* would have a chestnut bell rung on him if he should appear to-day and exclaim — as a travesty upon Shakespeare's great tragedy, says he did exclaim:

*The world's gone mad, curs'd fate that ever I,  
Was born to have a finger in the pie.*

If our statement needs proof, we have only to refer our readers to the tangle in which we find the venerable Doctor McCosh, Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Eliot, and certain other well-known men in the scholastic and literary world.

Concerning the Harvard-Princeton trouble, we think Dr. McCosh was perfectly justified in shaking the dust of Cambridge from his feet when he did. Doctor Holmes' hardly veiled allusion to Harvard's superiority over Princeton in the football field in view of Dr. McCosh's knowledge that Princeton's yellow-striped kickers were in fine trim and could lay out the red-backed rushers of Harvard cold, was little short of insulting braggadocio. If it had been decorous for the New Jersey president to offer the poet odds on the point he would have done so; but Dr. Holmes and President Eliot were in collusion, and Dr. McCosh being the recipient of no degree, was absolutely deprived of the opportunity to stand up on his venerable legs and take exception to the poet's license.

To finally settle the matter we trust that Columbia, or the College of the City of New York, will confer an A. B. upon Dr. McCosh and give him a chance to call Dr. Holmes's attention to the fact that

*Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel,  
The great McCosh is bound to have his deal.  
And on the hill where old beliefs are taught,  
The latest score is fourteen points to naught.*

George W. Me.

**A GEOGRAPHICAL ERROR.**

**C**HICAGO TEACHER (*to Grammar class*): Correct the sentence "Chicago lays at the side of Lake Michigan."

GRAMMAR CLASS: "Lake Michigan lays at the side of Chicago."

**C**LOSE upon the announcement that Oscar Wilde had determined to let his hair grow long comes the news that Joaquin Miller has cut his hirsute ornament off. Thus the earth's equilibrium is still preserved.

**B**OSTON ladies now wear shoes with imitation diamonds for buttons. They cost \$100 a pair, but the ladies don't mind that, because the glare of the diamonds hides part of the foot.

**J**EWELLERS now throw in a suit of clothes when they sell a nickle watch.

**THE WHY WE LOVE OUR CHARACTERS.**

**T**OM TALLBOYS (*to Mrs. Mudsop*): I've just come from the Flitters-Hackensack wedding. Had a grand time. Old Mr. Flitters was in such a state of excitement that we had to hold him down to prevent his making a speech.

**MRS. MUDSOP** (*to an intimate friend an hour later*): Have you heard, my dear, about the Flitters-Hackensack wedding? They say old Mr. Flitters was in such a state that he had to be held up while he was making a speech.



*Johnnie: I WILL TELL YOU A SECRET IF YOU WON'T TELL. SISTER EMILY IS ENGAGED TO MR. WHITE. I HEARD MAMA AND SIS TALKING ABOUT IT. THE SECRET IS THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT HIMSELF YET.*



**A LITERARY MOVEMENT.  
FROM THE HOE TO THE PEN.**

**GLOWING HEAT.**

**T**RAMP: Will you please gimme ten cents to buy some fuel with?

**CHARITABLE STRANGER** (*giving him a dime*): What kind of fuel can you buy for ten cents — coal?

**TRAMP:** No; whisky. There is not much warmth in ten cents worth o' coal.

**A CHICAGO MINISTER** preached last Sunday on "What can I do to be saved?" This is very plaintive and pathetic, but we are not able to suggest anything. Probably a hopeless case.

## O FEMNA PERFIDA.

HE liked the candy and flowers he brought,  
She let him adore at her mimic court,  
And rather enjoyed the arrangement ;  
But whenever he asked her to drive or walk,  
Or sit on the rocks for a quiet talk,  
'Twas always, "So jolly of you, you know,  
Indeed, I'd be only too happy to go,  
But, you see, I have an engagement."

The summer flew on, as summer's do,  
And love and despair to anguish grew,  
At the thought of the winter's estrangement ;  
So he asked her one night to be his bride,  
And go through life with him at her side ;  
Her laugh rang out in the evening air,  
As she showed him a ring on her finger fair,  
And murmured, "I have an engagement."

G. H.

## NEW DEFINITIONS.

WILL.—An instrument recording a testator's incapacity for conveying his property to his nearest kin.

CONVERSATION.—A tedious circumlocution for disguising one's ignorance of contemporary affairs when two people are mutually bored.

H. V. Santvoord.

## CAVEAT ACTOR.

THE man who, on the downward slant,  
Incessant bums,  
And recklessly says "Mend I can't,"  
Soon one becomes !

H. E. W.



NOW JOHN, I WANT YOU TO TELL ME EVERYTHING THAT HAS  
TRANSPRIRED DURING MY ABSENCE. HERE'S TWO DOLLARS FOR YOU.  
YIS, SORR,—BUT THE BOYS PROMISED ME THREE IF I WUDN'T  
SAY A WORD.



## MR. BARRETT WENDELL AGAIN.

BARRETT WENDELL'S second novel, "Rankell's Remains" (Ticknor), is not in any respect an advance upon "The Duchess Emilia." The latter is a story strong in conception and mildly poetical in execution; the former is essentially disagreeable in conception and weak in execution. There is nothing new in the idea of holding up for contempt the weaknesses of millionaires. Thackeray did it splendidly, and more recently W. H. Bishop, Louis J. Jennings and Robert Grant have embodied them in novels. Indeed the millionaire will go down to posterity through fiction and newspapers as a very hard and unlovable creature.

It is time for some one to draw the other side of the picture. Are not millionaires much like the average of humanity? Do not they love their families, help their friends and confound their enemies in much the same proportion as men of moderate incomes? Could not the same charges of indifference to the welfare of the individual be brought against any man who necessarily deals with a large number of men—as a general or governor?

There may be American millionaires like *Rankell*, but he is hardly a type.

\* \* \*

THE three separate episodes which make up the story are of uneven quality. The first, dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of the *Wybornes*, is an admirable piece of work, filled with the atmosphere of gentility and fine courtesy. The second is a study, from the outside, of lower middle-class life, very much as one of the aristocratic *Wybornes* would view it. The third is a melodramatic account of the Republican convention of 1884, from a Mugwump's point of view. Many fictitious details have been introduced. It has no excellences either of observation or literary style which could not be surpassed by the average correspondent. This, with the grave-robbing episode, is mere cheap journalism which cannot be excused like the latter on the score of haste and necessity.

\* \* \*

A FINER example of literary reporting is found in the closing chapters of W. H. Bishop's "The Golden Justice." His description of the tornado is full of force and beauty. The breath of the storm, its majestic sweep and terrible form are in the chaste and effective words which he has grouped in melodious periods. There is no bombast in the description, but accurate, careful observations are set down with almost scientific accuracy. It is a fitting climax to an excellent novel.

\* \* \*

THE readers of LIFE will be glad to know that James Jeffrey Roche, the author of "The V-A-S-E," and other satirical verses, has gathered them with many of his

more serious poems, in a handsome volume of 100 pages entitled "Songs and Satires" (Ticknor). It is in the lighter vein that Mr. Roche is most pleasing, and the best of these are "A Title Clear," "The Twin Relic," and "What the Telegraph Said," ending:

"What message carries the lightning slave  
Over the mountains, under the sea?  
And this the answer the ticker gave—  
'Wheat is quiet at 83.'"

*Droch.*

\* \* \*

"TWO COMEDIES," by F. Donaldson, Jr., from the press of Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, is one of the daintiest bits of book making we have seen this season.

• NEW BOOKS •

*All Round the Clock.* By Robert Ellice Mack. Illustrated by Harriett M. Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
*Pictures and Songs for Little Children.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
*Under the Mistletoe.* By Lizzie Lawson and Robert Ellice Mack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
*Christmas Roses.* By Lizzie Lawson and Robert Ellice Mack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
*"Manners Maketh Man."* By the author of "How to be Happy though Married." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
*Songs and Satires.* By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
*English Actors.* Their characteristics and Methods. A discourse by Henry Irving. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.  
*Rankell's Remains.* By Barrett Wendell. Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
*Our Little Ones.* By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*Fair Inez.* By Thomas Hood. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*Zigzag Journeys in the Sunny South.* By H. Butterworth. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*Chatterbox.* By J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*St. Nicholas.* Volume XIII., from October, 1885, to October, 1886. In two parts. New York: The Century Co.  
*The Century Magazine.* May, 1886, to October, 1886. New York: The Century Co.  
*In Memoriam.* Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.) Denver: Frank S. Thayer.  
*The Old Garden, and other Verses.* By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
*Two Comedies.* An Ill Wind and An Abject Apology. By F. Donaldson, Jr. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.  
*The Venerable Bede.* By The Prig. New York: Henry Holt & Co.  
*America Heraldica.* A compilation of coats-of-arms, crests and mottoes of prominent American families settled in this country before 1800. Edited by E. de V. Vermont. Illustrated by Henry Rykers. New York: Brentano Brothers.

IT is reported that the statue of Liberty is turning this way with a reproachful look on her face.

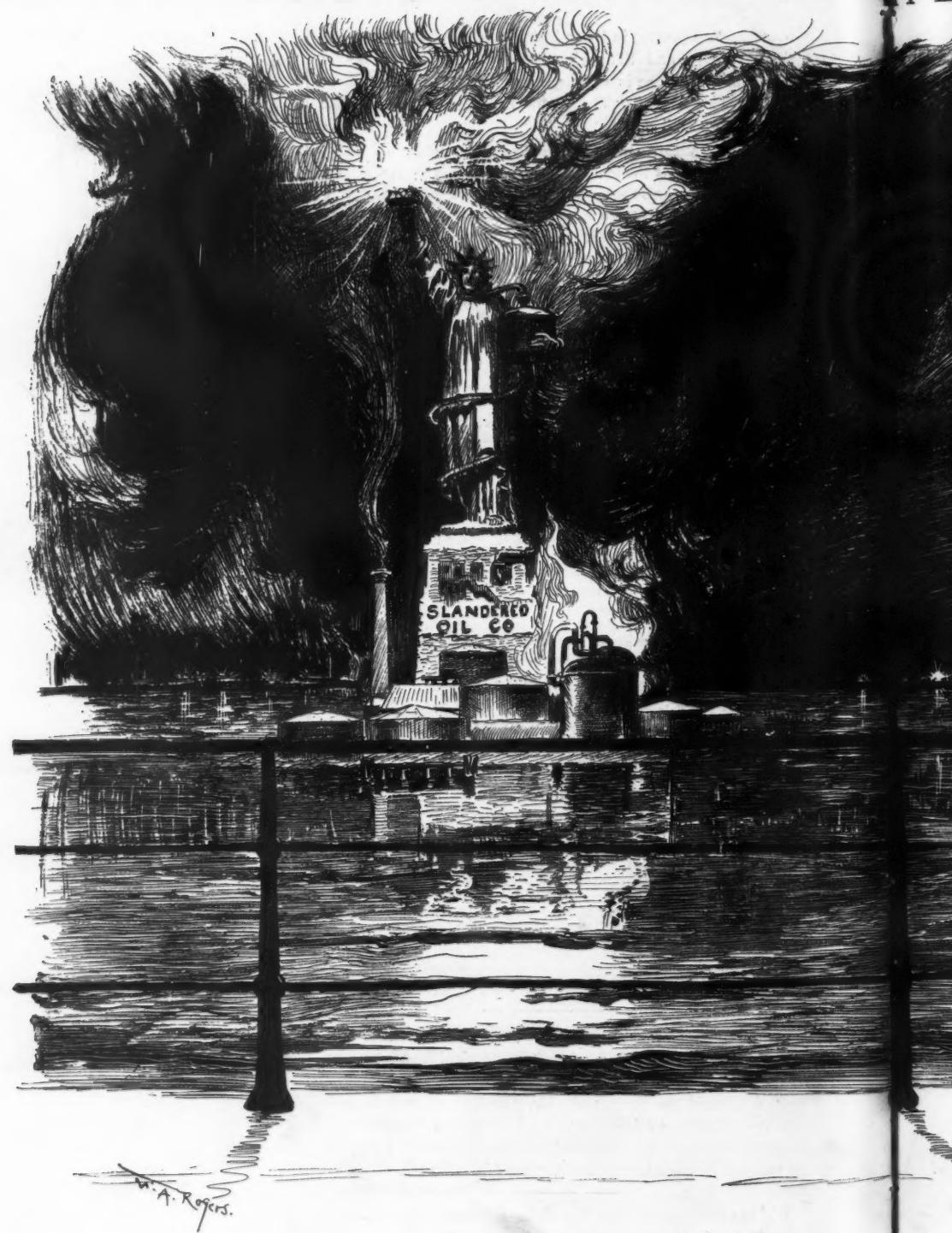
HOW TO COOK.

"I SEE you fry your beefsteak," remarked the tramp with his mouth full.  
 "Yes," said the woman shortly, "how would you have it cooked. Roasted?"  
 "No, certainly not. Broiled, madame, broiled. I may be a tramp," he added, plaintively, "but I'm no ostrich."

IT has been ascertained that there are several spots in the Atlantic Ocean which are over four miles in depth. This sort of thing makes us feel nervous about crossing the ocean.



WHO DID IT?



THE PROBLEM

*First Gaul: Tiens! Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?*

*Second Gaul: Mais oui; and without expense.*

LIFE



PROBLEM SOLVED.

QUE C'EST QUE ÇA? BARTHOLDI'S STATUE! AND LIGHTED!!  
WITHOUT EXPENSE.



IT is doubtful if Albin Valabregue would recognize his comedy, "Le Bonheur Conjugal" in "Love in Harness," or "Hints to Hymen," which Augustin Daly has just produced at his theatre. The characters have been so superbly remodelled to fit a company which the Gallic author in his wildest and most chaotic dreams could never have imagined; the "double understandings" have been so gracefully glossed over, that it is a mere courtesy to mention Valabregue, and one that will probably do him little good.

Mr. Daly has left a few foreign traces in his play, however. Every connoisseur will know that each American couple that have ever plighted troth under "these institooshans," have met once, twice, and perhaps fifty times alone before that denouement was arrived at. And yet Miss Jenny Joblots and Dr. Charles Hoffman, two New Yorkers, have promised to be man and wife before they are permitted to indulge in *solitude à deux*.

New York is not Paris. The very atmosphere of the American metropolis is opposed to the conventionality of the French capital. American papas and mammas have too much faith in their daughters to think that seclusion is absolutely necessary for their safeguard. In fact they go to the other



LITTLE CLASSIC.

HOOOLAHAN, I'M GOING TO RAISE YOUR RENT.  
BE JABBERS, I'M GLAD OF THAT, SORR! I'M D---D IF I CAN.

extreme. But this a digression, as authors say when they get out of their depth.

"Love in Harness" is merely a dainty little sketch with a moral. It has a very trifling plot, which only appears in the second act, and is brought about by some manufactured letter, a vice not unknown to Mr. Daly before. The moral is "Love your husband," and it is just the sort of thing that an audience likes to hear.

The interest of the play centers in two married women, which is another evidence of Gallic origin. In France girls are vapid things at the best, thanks to their mammas. As women they emerge from themselves and become interesting enough to write about. In New York, married women are becoming more interesting every day; and if Mr. Daly's play had been entirely original, he would have been pardoned for making heroines of wives.

In "Love and Harness," Mr. Daly shows the pretty side of New York life, glimpses of which are so rare in books and plays. In fact, he is as American as he can be with a French ground to work upon. Mr. Daly has made several additions to his company this season, and they promise to be valuable. Miss Jean Gordon as *Antoinette*, a French maid, was particularly good, and merited the applause which she gained. Mrs. Lizzie St. Quentin will be better when a little of the variety-show methods has been removed by Mr. Daly. She will learn in two or three months that the manners of the soubrette of such charming little plays as "The Rag Baby," "The Bunch of Keys," or other American masterpieces are not required at Daly's. She is apt, and she will learn.

John Drew appeared as *Frederick Urquhart*, a gentleman who complained that he had to wear a dress-suit five times a week. Mr. Drew surely knows by this time that it is in a dress-suit that he is at his best. If he forgets this, let him turn to the records of his work in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Miss Ada Rehan was *Mrs. Urquhart* in her own remarkable way; Mr. James Lewis and Miss Virginia Dreher were respectively *Mr. and Mrs. Julius Naggitt*, Mr. Charles Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert were *Mr. and Mrs. Joblots*, Miss Lillian Hadley was *Jennie Joblots*, and Mr. Otis Skinner was *Dr. Charles Hoffman*. "Love in Harness" is exactly what people want to see, and when they have seen once go again.

Alan Dale.

#### A CHANCE TO REST.

GENTLEMAN (*to hod carrier*): Does n't it make you tired, Pat, to climb that ladder all day?

Pat: Yes, sir; but I have foine rest comin' down.

EVERY celebrated person has some pet hobby. Aside from "Leaves from the Highlands," Queen Victoria has a fine collection of laces. Napoleon's hobby was kingdoms, and the late William H. Vanderbilt died possessed of a unique collection of dollars.

We think the American idea the best.

SOMETIMES mothers secrete the erring boy for fear the father will hide him when he comes home.

**THE DOCTOR.**

"**D**ID your former physician give you a diagnosis, Madam?"

**MRS. A.**: "No, Doctor, he only gave me iron, but I'm willing to take one if you think it would do me any good."

**I**N place of the chestnut bell, we now have the electric button. You are invited to press it, and the point of a needle runs into the finger. We are a humorous nation.

**AFTER THE FUNERAL.**

**M**R. C.: "Mine Crazius, I forgod to daig oud dot new sed off false deeth dot Rebecca got last Sommer und dey vos on a golt plade, too!"

**J**APAN boasts of a singing fish. Probably a bass.

**A** YOUNG man out West stole money from the post-office in which he was employed, to pay his wife's dressmaking bills. He didn't rob Peter to pay Paul, but he robbed the mail to pay the female.

**H**EN-PECKED husbands are constantly reminded that a thing of beauty is a jaw forever.

**S**ELDOM fails to get the hang of it—The executioner.



HUSH! PAPA IS READING HIS PAPER. DO NOT DISTURB HIM, FOR THE DAILY PAPER IS THE "GREAT EDUCATOR OF THE PEOPLE." HE HAS FINISHED THE MURDERS, OUTRAGES AND MINOR HORRORS, AND IS NOW IN THE MIDST OF SOME JUICY DETAILS OF THE LATEST SCANDAL. BE SILENT OR YOU MAY INTERRUPT HIS EDUCATION.



A NEW READING.

**NOT WASTING AWAY MUCH.**

**BROWN:** You are looking well, Robinson.  
**ROBINSON:** Yes, and feeling well; but nevertheless I lost a hundred and twenty pounds of flesh last month.

**BROWN:** That's not possible!

**ROBINSON:** Yes it is. My wife ran off with a Sunday-school superintendent.

**A** CRAZY woman in Philadelphia thinks that Dr. Mary Walker is her mother. She must be hopelessly insane. If she thought that the doctor was her father, there might be some hope for her.

**A** MONG the fashionable people of Chicago, pie is now rarely seen at the breakfast table.

**A** MAN in Morrisburg, Canada, has a trunk two hundred and fifty years old. It has never used tobacco in any form, and can read fine print without spectacles.

**A** CHRISTMAS story—"I don't expect anything this year."



"I WONDER WHAT THAT THING IS?"

"I'LL SEE IF I CAN CATCH IT."

"I'VE GOT IT."

"WHAT WAS THAT? SOMETHING GRABBED MY TAIL!"

#### UNENLIGHTENED LIBERTY.

DAME Liberty sees on every side  
Signs of luxury, pomp and pride,  
While she, poor guest from a foreign shore,  
Like Lazarus, waits at the rich man's door.

"HAVE you seen Edwin Booth in 'Hamlet?'" was asked of a Chicago young lady.  
"Oh, yes," she replied "isn't he a daisy?"



#### GERMAN LINE.

*Herr Schmidt: You not a German?*

*He: Oh! no. We have been American the last fifty years.*

*Herr S. (who is traveling to America for his health): Mine gracious! I tink you about twenty-five. (Expects wonderful benefit for himself.)*

#### GRANDFATHER LICKSHINGLE,

##### ON THE DANGERS OF MONOPOLIES.

"I WISH to file notice that I will not be responsible for what may happen in this country, if the big monopolies are permitted to run things much longer," remarked grandfather Lickshingle, as he laid down the morning paper.

"Here is the Western Union Telegraph Company, failing to catch one of its embezzling agents in the United States, have gone into Canada and brought suit against him in the Winnipeg Courts under an old Dominion Statute, which provides that any one who brings stolen goods into Canada shall be subjected to the same punishment as if the stealing had actually taken place in Canada.

"It has been reserved for a big, brutal monopoly like the Western Union to take advantage of such an old legal heirloom as this. People have gone over into Canada time out of mind, and no one has thought it worth while to say a word about prosecuting them under this old law or any other law, because it has been conceded by the finest legal minds that if a fellow got into Canada with the boddle it was his, his heirs and assigns forever. Now comes along a bloated monopoly and proposes to contest this point. This unspeakable outrage fires the blood in your grandfather's veins until it is with difficulty that he restrains himself from going right out and hanging an old pair of pants or some other obstruction on the Western Union lines. This outrage on the part of the monopoly should be rebuked, and I shall lose all faith in the patriotism of the American people if it is not done in some decisive and dreadful way. Here is a case where a bloody riot would be justifiable, and I am not so sure but a bloody riot it will be just as soon as the news of this piece of deviltry gets percolated through the rank and file of bank presidents, confidential bookkeepers, and other people who carry the keys.

"What is this country coming to when a colossal corporation can so construe the law in its own behalf? I tell you when such things come to pass in this so-called land of the free and the home of the brave, it is about time for honest men to climb a tree. If our free institutions are to endure, such an audacious blow at liberty must be resented if it takes a leg.

"Was it for this that I and the rest of your forefathers fit and bled on the plains of Bunker Hill? Was it for this that I ferried George Washington across the Delaware on that awful winter's day and didn't charge him a cent? I tell you the monopolies have this country by the throat, and a poor man has about as much show for his white alley as the holder of a lottery ticket;" and grandfather withdrew, smiting the floor with his hickory cane.

BAGGAGE for the seaside in the summer season.—Bathing trunks.

FLOWER of the chivalry.—Sancho Pansy.



HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

A GENTLEMAN received a note from his lawyer which he was unable to decipher. On his way to his office he met a friend at the door of a drug store. The friend, after vainly attempting to read the note, suggested that they step inside and hand it to the druggist without comment. The druggist, after studying it in silence for a few minutes, stepped behind the prescription case and in a short time returned with a bottle of medicine, duly labeled and bearing directions. When the gentleman saw his lawyer he was informed that the note was a notice for him to call at his office between 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M. of the following day.—*American Analyst*.

A GENTLEMAN who had recently united with the Methodist Church was invited to play in a brass band. Determined on doing nothing to bring discredit on his brethren, he called upon his Pastor and asked: "Brother Higgs, can a man be a Christian and play in a brass band?" "A brass band?" "Yes, brother Higgs." "Cornet or trombone?" "Either." "Nice fellows in the band?" "Yes, first-rate." "The danger, then, brother Jones, is not so much of your falling from grace, as for the fellow who passes through the fiery temptation of hearing you practice!"—*Youth's Companion*.

TRAMP: Please, mum, don't shut the door; I'm utterly destitute.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (*kindly*): What do you want?

TRAMP: Anything you please to give, mum. I leave it to your generosity.

LADY (*sweetly*): Come in, and I'll tell the stable boy to give you a bath.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A PALINDROME reads equally well backward or forward, but the following stanza beats the palindrome in that it reads better backward than forward:

Krah, krah, eht sgod od krab,  
Eht srageeb era gnimoc ot nwot;  
Emos ni agar, emos ni sagat,  
Dna emos ni telev snwog.

—*Springfield Union*.

"THE car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beckonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse car. "Yes," said the Chicago girl, "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they do not open the ventilators."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

WAITER, is this an old or a new herring that you brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"—*Fliegende Blatter*.

HE CERTAINLY PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

A PROMINENT Chicago real estate man and his partner were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as business matters. His partner was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading him letters of an ardent and affectionate nature, from a young lady who signed herself "Susie." The hero of the story went away on an extended trip and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner. Wishing to show his good will, he sent the happy couple a wedding present, and at the wedding reception, stepped gallantly forward to pay his respects.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride; "in fact, I feel as though I ought to be quite well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the speaker were studies as the bride drew herself up and said emphatically and distantly:

"I beg your pardon, sir! My name is Helen!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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We hope for the best,  
But it must be confessed  
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